

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Secret of Success.

One day in huckleberry-time, when little Johnny Flais and half-a-dozen other boys were starting with their pails To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him, said: "That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come out ahead." "First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and then stick to it till you've picked it clean. Let those go chasing all about who will In search of better bushes; but its picking tells, my son— To look at fifty bushes doesn't count like picking one." And Johnny did as he was told; and, sure enough, he found, By sticking to his bush while all the others chased around In search of better picking, 'twas as his father said: For while all the others looked, he worked, and so came out ahead. And Johnny recollected this when he became a man; And first of all he laid him out a well-determined plan: So while the brilliant triflers failed with all their brain and push, Wise, steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to his bush."

—Nixon Waterman, in St. Nicholas.

A HERO.

It was during summer of 1861, when all Europe was stirred to indignation by the accounts of the terrible atrocities committed by the Italian brigands, that one morning towards the end of July, soon after sunrise, a mounted rifleman was riding through a lonely valley in the province of Capitanata. He had started from San Severo in the night to take some message from his colonel to the commander of a marching regiment, and he now had this officer's answer hidden inside his tunic. The purport of the said answer was to the effect that at eight o'clock that same morning the regiment was going to make an expedition in search of a certain band of brigands said to be hiding in some secret cavern of the mountains.

The messenger was a young man of some thirty years of age, tall and slight, with singularly intelligent eyes, pointed moustache, and that deep furrow between the eyebrows which is usually a sign of thoughtfulness. His general expression denoted a gravity beyond his years, and the large hat with pointed brim which he was wearing seemed to add to his somewhat melancholy appearance. His erect bearing and his alert movements attested to his vigor and energy. He had put his horse to a trot and was riding along a winding pathway, looking first on one side of him and then on the other, gazing at the deserted pasturage, at the steep mountains, and the limpid sky, and hearing as he went along no other sound than that of his horse's feet and the clinking of his own sword.

Suddenly, just as he was passing between two high hedges, he saw a flash of fire and heard a detonation. He seized his pistols, quickly drew his horse up. The poor animal stumbled and fell, and at the same instant the soldier was himself seized by strong hands. A man sprung out from amongst the bushes, followed quickly by a second, and then by a third. It was absolutely impossible either to parry the blows he received or to get his poor horse up. He himself was flung down on the ground in the struggle, and had only just time to fire at his adversaries, and during the volume of smoke which followed to crumple up the piece of paper he was carrying, and which contained the message, and put it in his mouth.

In another minute the brigands had bound his hands behind his back and strapped on to his shoulders his sword cloak, and the baggage he had been carrying on his horse's back. They next dragged the poor beast to the other side of the hedge, endeavoring thus to leave no trace of the struggle which had taken place, and then pushing their wretched prisoner on in front of them they continued their way, by turns threatening, mocking, or swearing at him.

When they had walked for about half an hour across the fields, thinking that they were far enough off the beaten track not to run the risk of any surprise, they began to slacken their pace. They were just at the foot of the mountain, and there was no sign of any hut, cottage, or, indeed, any human habitation.

The rifleman, bent though he was beneath the heavy load he was carrying, showed no sign of either

fear or anger. His face was pale, but otherwise there was no change; it was very evident that he had been perfectly prepared for any danger which might assail him on his perilous journey.

To fall into the hands of brigands in those days of ferocious retaliations meant certain death. The solemnity of this last hour of his life stamped itself upon the prisoner, and anyone who had looked that moment into his eyes would have felt that death was surely hovering near him. The brigand who was walking in front of him turned round every now and then and glanced at him with an expression of curiosity and distrust, whilst the one who was walking side by side with him, and who appeared to be the captain of the band, would look now at his prisoner and now at his companions, with a gleam of triumph in his cruel eyes.

"Stop a minute!" he said, suddenly; and then, hanging his gun over the shoulder of the rifleman he continued, in a mocking tone: "Carry that for me."

"Ah, yes! and mine, too," said the second brigand, imitating his chief.

"Why don't you give him yours?" asked the captain, turning towards the third brigand, who was walking behind, and who looked younger than the others.

"I'd rather keep mine myself," he replied; "one never knows whether one may need it."

"Coward," muttered the chief, with a look of contempt; and then, turning to the prisoner, laying his hand on his shoulder, he said: "My friend, will you kindly tell us where you were going when we had the good fortune to make your acquaintance?"

There was no answer, and the brigand, gathering a stick from the hedge, gave the rifleman two or three sharp cuts across his fingers. This took no effect, however, and the brigand threw away his stick and said, with a laugh:—

"Ah! you'll speak before you've finished, poor wretch. Others have tried that on, before you, and you will probably do as they did in the end. You are made of flesh and blood, and when you are hurt you'll cry out, never fear?"

With this he pushed the poor fellow brutally along a path which led beside a stream. They then crossed a bridge, turned round by a grassy slope, and began to mount a steep, narrow, rocky path up the mountain. The rifleman was nearly strangled by the straps of the guns, his hands were tied behind him, and his uniform was so heavy that he was bathed in perspiration. As he continued the steep ascent he kept stumbling and nearly falling on his knees, and every time the brigands would strike or kick him, shouting, in their cruelty:—

"Get on with you, idle dog! When you happen to capture any of us you tie us to your horses; so now it is your turn, my fine Piedmontese!"

Half-way up the mountain they halted, as they had arrived at their destination. In a certain spot where the rock had given way, and where huge blocks had rolled down and formed a kind of natural stronghold, was a hollow place, the rocky mountain forming a roof, and the brigands had made themselves here a hiding-place. They had filled up the gaps with huge stones and with bushes. Within the inclosure they had hollowed out niches to store their provisions, and they had also made some steps, from the top of which they had a view of the mountain slope.

The entrance to his hiding place was a narrow opening just wide enough for a man to pass. On the outside there was nothing to betray that the place was inhabited, whilst once inside, besides being a regular robbers' den, it was quite a fortified station. In the niches were glasses, pewter-cups, saucers, knives, and loaves of bread; on the sharp edges of the rock were hung bags and bottles, in the corner was a heap of ashes and fire-brands, which were still smouldering, whilst here and there on the ground were heaps of straw and some rugs. All around, above and below, were rocks, great steep precipices, enormous masses which which seemed to be hanging in the

air, with here and there shrubs growing out of the crevices.

In the distance one could see the vast plain, and then, beyond that, other mountains. A man, who was standing on the steps which the robbers had made in the interior of the cave, was looking out for them. His elbows were resting on the rock, and his face was almost hidden by two great stones forming a kind of loophole. On catching sight of the prisoner, he clapped his hands with joy, and watched him eagerly as he advanced, struck at on each side by the two brigands.

As the little band approached, the sentinel came out to the entrance to welcome them. The rifleman was pushed brutally through the narrow opening with such force that he fell down in the middle of the cave, whilst the others followed him, swearing, shouting, and quite out of breath with their ascent. They flung down their hats, weapons, and bags, and sitting down on the stones began to wipe their foreheads.

"Well, we've brought one with us at any rate," exclaimed the chief, turning towards the comrade who had been left in charge.

"Yes, and you've taken him alive, that's more. What about his horse, though?" he continued; glancing at the rifleman's spurs.

"Ah, don't mention that," answered the chief, sullenly. "Curse it, I hit the beast instead of the man," and in a few words he described their attack. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter; it was a master stroke anyhow," and then approaching the prisoner he took stock of him and afterward proceeded to relieve him of his cloak and sword.

He examined his hat inside and out, and then, laughing, threw it into one of the corners. While the brigands were turning out the contents of his purse, the poor rifleman glanced from one to the other of his captors with that slow, solemn gaze that one sometimes sees in the eyes of a dying person, whose thoughts seem to have soared away beyond this world and its cares.

The faces he saw certainly looked to him worthy of the place where they lived and the profession they followed. The chief was a man of some forty years old, short and stout, with shoulders which nearly touched his ears, and bow-legs. He was altogether a broadset, powerful-looking man, and he made up in width for what was wanting in height. He had black hair and a bushy beard, and indeed, his face was so covered with hair that only a narrow piece of forehead and the top of his cheeks were visible.

The other two looked like brothers—they had the same narrow foreheads, fox-eyes, a mouth with thin, cruel lips, and a pointed chin. Both of them short, slight, and sinewy. They, too, like their chief, had a sly, deceitful, demoniacal expression in their eyes—a sort of mixture of superstition and ferocity, of bold daring and of abject cowardice. They wore sugar-loaf hats, wide, open jackets, underneath which was a full sort of blouse-shirt, tied with a wide, blue sash.

The fourth brigand was younger-looking than the others, and had a more human-looking face. He was very short and had no beard.

"Now, then," said the captain, when he had emptied the purse of its contents, "let him take his rags off, and then when we've had a morsel of something to eat we'll see what is to be done next."

The two brothers approached the prisoner, and while the one unbound his hands the other held a dagger near his throat. When his arms were unbound they just fell loosely at his sides as the limbs of a corpse might have done.

"Off with the uniform!" said one of the brigands.

The rifleman seemed to hesitate a minute, and, frowning ominously, bit his lips. The youngest of the brigands looked at him sadly, and the captain called out:—

"As for you, get to your post!" and the young man, as though he had expected this order, mounted the steps to the sentinel's post of observation, and there, leaning his elbows on the rock and putting his face between the two huge stones, he remained immovable as a statue.

"Take off your uniform!" cried one of the brigands, raising his hand as though to strike the prisoner, whilst the captain called out: "Don't spare him if he is obstinate."

The soldier shuddered like a wounded man who fears to be touched, and then, resigning himself to the inevitable, he took off his tunic himself. The brigands searched the pockets and felt about in the lining; they then searched the pockets of the prisoner's trousers, but evidently with no success, for one of them exclaimed, in a disappointed tone:—

"Nothing at all!"

"Put his chain on," said the captain, and the two brigands seized the unfortunate man, and fastening his hands together again behind him, chained him to a strong staple that had been driven into one of the walls. He was as pale as a corpse, and his teeth chattered in spite of himself. The brigands then fetched out some provisions from their stores and sat down to eat, only talking casually at intervals, as though their meal were their most important consideration now.

"And so there's been a skirmish at Cevignola?" said one of them.

"Yes; Salvator Codipietro and the Piedmontese. Our friends were taken by surprise—seven captured."

"Shot?"

"The brigand nodded!

"Madonna!" exclaimed the other, turning to speak to the rifleman.

"Did you hear that—you? Well, you can be sure we will pay back what we owe. The day will come, never fear, when on every tree in the country will be seen hanging the dead body of a Piedmontese."

Hereupon he carried his glass, and the other brigand began:—

"Look at our prisoner," he said, in a jeering tone: "he is lost in thought! What's on your mind?" asked the captain, twisting his moustache.

"He's thinking about his mother."

"Where did you leave her?"

All three turned toward him laughing, and the wretched man, with haggard dilated eyes looked straight before him out at the mountains. The brigands laughed heartily at his distress.

"The best of it is that he does not utter a word. What's the meaning of that now, do you suppose? Is it his pride?"

"No, no, it is his modesty!"

"Or fear?" suggested the chief.

The rifleman shook his head resolutely, and one of the brigands sprang to his feet.

"No, he isn't afraid? Well, we'll see for ourselves. Look here," he continued, addressing his companions, "he was probably on his way with some message, giving details about us, and we have lost a good deal too much time already. We'd better just make him tell his precious secret, whether he wants to or not."

The soldier started slightly at these words, and then drew his head up defiantly as though to show that he was ready for them. The three brigands planted themselves in front of him, and if at that moment they had noticed their sentinel they would have seen that he was trembling like a leaf and that his face was white with terror. He turned away slightly in order not to witness the scene, but the captain happened to glance at him and reminded him of his post, so that he was forced to keep his face in their direction.

"Now, then," said the captain to his victim, in a tone that admitted of no refusal, "where do you come from?"

The prisoner frowned, and, glancing at his interlocutor with an expression which denoted a will of iron, he did not attempt to answer. Without a word, the captain raised his clenched fist, and struck the prisoner a terrific blow on his cheek.

"Are you going to answer?"

The man bent his head a minute, for the blood was oozing out of his mouth, and then, looking steadfastly at the brigand with imperturbable pride, he made a sign of refusal.

The captain bit his lips with anger, and with a forced smile, as he glanced at his men, he drew a knife from his pocket and placed the cold steel blade on the throat of the prisoner. He shuddered involuntarily, and

the brigand said, cruelly, "Oh, don't be afraid, there is nothing to fear, nothing whatever."

As he said this he pressed the point of the knife and drew a line down the victim's body, from which the blood started and fell drop by drop to the ground.

"Ah! we shall see now!" laughed the chief, brutally, and the young sentinel hid his face in his hands.

"Are you going to speak?" asked the captain.

The rifleman looked at the blood, and then, lifting his head again, he gazed once more proudly and coldly at the wretch who had tortured him. The three monsters looked at each other more in surprise than anger this time.

"Do you want to die, fool?" howled the captain, at length. "Don't you see that you are here in our power, and quite alone, without a chance of anyone lifting a finger for you? Why, we could kill you or tear you to pieces like a dog! What are you trusting to? Do you imagine anyone will come here to rescue you? Speak, I say. Let us, at any rate, hear you say something."

The rifleman remained mute, and in a fury of baffled rage one of the brigands raised his dagger to strike him dead. The captain seized his arm and said:—

"No, that will not answer our purpose. We want him to tell us what I have asked him."

The monster then grasped a heavy gun, and let it fall with as much force as possible on to the prisoner's foot, so that it broke the bone. He uttered a cry of anguish, and his features contracted in a spasm of excruciating pain, but immediately mastering himself by a strong effort of will, he stamped on the ground with his wounded foot, and, lifting his head, cried out, "No!"

All three of the brigands then threw themselves on him, and would have torn him to pieces in their wild fury but that young sentinel, made bold by the horrors he had just witnessed, cried out like one beside himself:—

"Kill him—kill him, for mercy's sake! Shoot him dead, but for goodness sake don't torture him like that!"

The brigands let go their hold of the prisoner, so stupefied were they at their companion's audacity. Their stupor, however, was of short duration; the captain stalked across to the daring young sentinel and, with a blow on the back of the neck, knocked his head against the rock wall. Half-stunned, he took up his old attitude, but as he glanced out to the mountain slope he started, and then leaned forward and kept his eyes fixed on what he saw there.

The chief did not, fortunately, bestow a second look on him, but, livid with rage, went back to the poor martyr, and, seizing him by the head with one hand he threatened him with the other, as he said, between his clenched teeth:—

"Listen, fool. It was an evil day for you when you thought of defying me. You do not know me, but I can tell you I have tortured men who been had double you strength. You have no idea how I can make you suffer. I could go on martyring you until to-morrow without killing you, but just leave you life enough to realize what suffering is. I warn you not to try me any further. You had better speak and answer my questions before my blood is up, as if once you drive me to extremities—why it will be the worse for you."

Still there was no reply, and the brigands were now beside themselves. With a cry of rage and a ferocious look in their eyes, they rushed at the prisoner like three wild beasts, and cut at him with the points of their daggers, only stopping every now and then in their murderous work to tell each other to strike gently, for they feared lest the victim should escape them and be released by the merciful hand of Death.

"For goodness sake, do not kill him," cried the young sentinel, terrified to death himself by the frightful scene, looking now at the open country, and shouting in his anxiety to cover the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Wait, wait, I tell you! If you kill him, you will never know what he had to say. Try him again;

look, he is making a sign that he will speak. You can kill him afterwards; I, myself, will stab him to the heart with my dagger. Ah! keep your knives off him, strike him only with your hands. Fools—do you not see that you are killing him?"

Without ceasing to shout, he looked once more outside—quite near the rocky entrance to the cave—and then, springing down from his post, his expression changing to one of ineffable scorn and indignation, he cried: "Cowards! cowards! three of you against a half-dead man!"

"Confound you!" shouted the chief, raising his dagger to strike the young sentinel.

"Too late!" exclaimed the other, in a transport of joy, and, pointing to the entrance, he said, "Look!"

Warned by these words, the two brothers, quick as thought, threw a cloak over their victim, whilst the captain snatching up his gun and advanced towards the mysterious enemy who was thus penetrating into his hiding-place.

There was a clang of weapons, a rush of heavy footsteps, the flash of bayonets, and then a band of rifle-men entered and, surrounding the robbers, quickly disarmed them. There was dead silence for a minute, then only broken by the heavy breathing of the panting soldiers.

"Help the dying man!" exclaimed the young sentinel, who, like his companions, had been seized, and was now kneeling on the ground, his hands under the bayonet of one of the rifleman.

"A dying man! Where is he?" demanded the captain of the newcomers, striding forward, and looking around the cave.

"There—there in that corner."

The soldiers looked, but could see nothing at first, coming in as they had done of the broad daylight.

"Under that cloak," said the young sentinel, eagerly.

The captain, with the eyes of all his men fixed on him, advanced and lifted up the cloak. There was a cry of horror as the sight was revealed. The wretched prisoner was on his knees, his arms tied behind him, his face lived as death itself. "Release him instantly!" ordered the captain. "Give him something to drink."

Three rifle-men rushed forward, unfastened the chains which bound the poor sufferer, and then, laying him gently down on the ground, supported his head whilst they held a cup of wine to his lips. The other soldiers, exasperated at what they saw, struck the brigands with the butt-end of their guns.

"Stop!" called out the captain, and then turning to the sentinel he said: "What can you tell us about this? Quick, speak."

The rifleman who was guarding the young sentinel let go his hold and the man stood up.

"When was this poor fellow taken? Tell the truth, mind, for you have not long to live."

"This man!" began the young brigand, in a terrified tone, for he was still trembling all over with horror—"this rifleman—they took him this morning—and brought him here—they wanted him to speak—and he would not—they all threw themselves on him like wild beasts—I saw it all—oh, heavens! oh, heavens!"

"But who are you?" exclaimed the captain. "How is it you speak like that?" and then suddenly, an idea striking him, he lifted the young brigand's hat off his head.

"A woman!" she repeated, her eyes all wild and haggard. "They captured me a fortnight ago. They held their knives to my throat and made me come with them here. My hands are clean of all blood, though—I swear it. I had no choice but to come or be killed—tortured. I am from San Severo!"

"Why did you not at least kill one of these wretches—you could have shot one of them surely?"

"I was afraid to—they would have tortured me, I tell you—you do not know what they are capable of. I thought to-day I should lose my reason when I saw it all—oh, heavens! But that man there is a hero; he has endured it all—and he would not tell them a word—not tell them a word—not a word!"

"Drag the cowards across to the feet of their victim," ordered the captain.

The rifleman dragged the three brigands across to where the wounded man was lying, his head now all bound up in a handkerchief. The captain of the troop leaned down towards the sufferer, and said:—

"You are saved now, and are amongst comrades. Courage! Your enemies are on the ground at your feet."

The sufferer tried to lift his head, and a faint smile played over his lips. He opened his mouth, and something black and white fell on the ground.

"Whatever is that?" exclaimed the captain.

"The colonel's answer!" replied the wounded man, faintly.

"To the Colonel of San Severo? The reply I gave you this morning?"

The rifleman nodded. The captain knelt down himself, and taking the man's hands in his, grasped them warmly. For a few minutes words failed him—he was too deeply moved to be able to trust his voice. Then turning round towards his men, he said:—

"On your knees, every one of you, before this brave man. He was taking a letter to the colonel, announcing the hour of our departure, and telling just where we were going. If the brigands had read it, they would have escaped us. He put the letter in his mouth in order not to betray us, and he has borne all their cruelty in silence. We have a hero amongst us, my men, a hero, a martyr, and a brave, noble-hearted soldier."

"Yes, yes, captain," cried men, with deep feeling.

"Get down and kiss the dust before him, vile cowards, curs!" said the captain to the three brigands, and one after the other, writhing on the ground like serpents in the strong grasp of the rifleman, were the brigands thus humiliated.

"Captain," said the woman to the chief of the soldiers, gazing at him with her wild eyes full of pleading. "I could have given the signal when I saw you in the distance. I did not do so. I let you get here and take them by surprise. In return for this grant me a favor I cannot go back to my village. Let your men shoot me when they shoot these wretches!"

"No!" interposed the wounded man energetically, and with a supreme effort. "You—you have a work of mercy before you—"

"What—oh, Madonna—what is there I can do?"

She knelt down near to the sufferer, her hands clasped together and her head bent forward to catch his words.

"Do not leave me—go with me."

"Where?"

"Everywhere!"

The spectators gazed at each other in amazement at the man's strange words.

"Ah! you do not know all," he said; "you have not seen all my wounds. Look!"

He lifted the handkerchief which bound his forehead, and a cry of horror and pity burst with one accord from all lips. The wretched man was blind!

"Death to the cowards," shouted the rifleman, seized with a frenzy of indignation.

The captain's voice could scarcely be heard in the mad tumult which followed. The rifleman sized the assassins and dragged them away out of the cave, and the captain followed to give the necessary orders.

"You have saved my life," said the wounded man, stretching his hands out blindly towards the woman, who was still kneeling beside him, "will you not finish your work of pity?"

She bowed her head for a minute, and then, lifting her eyes up to the blue skies, she answered gently, but firmly, putting her hand into his:—

"The rest of my life is yours." And then, just at this moment, there was a volley of firing from the valley, which seemed to seal their engagement, the noble compact which was to bind the life of the compassionate woman with that of the hero.—From the Italian of E. de Amicis, by Alva Hallard.

Wistful schemes by statesmen spun, time has seen them one by one, like the leaves of autumn fall—a little song outlives them all.—W. E. H. Lecky.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24, 1895.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves must base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE Mentor mentions the case of a successful business man who has gradually become so deaf that he can not hear well even with a hearing-tube, and suggests that lip-reading will solve the difficulty.

Even if the aforesaid successful business man could become an expert lip-reader, it is doubtful whether it would be of any great value in his business. We have always found that lip-reading is of less utility in business than it is in society. No matter how unerring a man may be in reading the motions of the lips, there are times when he must fail, and each failure is fatal to the feeling of security which is essentially requisite by the person addressing him. In society and in ordinary conversation, mistakes are readily overlooked and forgotten; but in business, errors can not be allowed. A man giving an order to a lip-reader who has at any time misunderstood him, is haunted with the fear that there may again be a misunderstanding, and therefore confidence is destroyed. Lip-reading is a good and often a useful accomplishment, but that it is superior to writing, in matters of any import, we are inclined to deny. When one has to guess one or more words of a sentence from the context, as an acknowledged expert lip-reader, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, asserted was necessary, there is always the possibility, more or less remote, that the guess may be inaccurate. Give lip-reading its proper place in the category of methods, but do not keep boosting it into the realms of the wonderful. Everything in one's education will eventually be gauged by its practical value, and visionary vaporings should be relegated to the innocuous desuetude to which they rightfully belong.

WHILE the *Star* extols the management of the late principal of the Kansas Institution, the knowing ones will concur that the selection of Prof. H. C. Hammond as principal is a good thing for the deaf and is assurance that the educational interests of the institution will be ably directed. Prof. Hammond has for the past few years been principal of the Chicago Day Schools. He was trained to the profession of teaching at the Illinois Institution, and subsequently became principal of the Iowa Institution. He also held at one time the superintendency of the Arkansas Institution. Prof. Hammond is an earnest, progressive educator, holding to advanced views that are tempered with a leaven of conservatism which guarantees that no child entrusted to him shall be made a victim of futile experiment.

MR. MARTIN M. TAYLOR, a graduate of Gallaudet College, has started a weekly newspaper for the community of Berlin, N. Y. It is called the *Berlin Independent*, and is quite newsworthy on local matters, and contains pithy and pointed editorials that are calculated to attract the interest and win the support of the people of Berlin. As Mr. Taylor is working in an otherwise unoccupied field, we venture to prophesy that his paper will be a success and eventually a power in the town it represents.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. Charles McManus has purchased an 1896 Puritan wheel.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Housell, of Newark, N. J., have moved to Springfield.

Mr. Herbert Samuels, who was recently run over by a wagon, is on the mend.

Mr. Edward Shannon, of Astoria, L. I., was the guest of Mr. Charles McManus, last Sunday.

On Sunday Messrs. Schieffer, John Black and John B. Ward were in Paterson, N. J., visiting friends.

A meeting has been called for November 16th, at the house of Mr. Charles McManus, to form a new bicycle club of deaf-mutes.

Meyer S. Leon, a deaf-mute of St. Joseph, Mo., aged fifteen years, died of blood poisoning on the 7th of October, at the Missouri Institution.

Mr. John Newcomb, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., but now of Newark, N. J., has been sick with malarial fever since last August, but is now improving.

About one hundred deaf-mutes attended Prof. Jones' recitation of *Romeo and Juliet* at the rooms of the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society last Saturday.

MARRIED.—At the home of the bride, 1112 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, on October 19th, by Rev. Austin W. Mann, Mr. Harry Emmitt Swift and Miss Katie Webb.

MARRIED.—In Grace Cathedral, Topaka, Kan., October 20th, at 2 P. M. Mr. Gustav Mercler and Miss Susan Bolen, the Rev. J. H. Cloud of St. Louis officiating.

St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club, St. Louis, Mo., is open daily. Third floor, Room 12, 919 Olive Street, St. Louis.

CHARLES WOLFE,
Corresponding Sec'y.

He'd Rather Be Deaf.

Shoddleman—Aint that boy's fiddlin' elegant, Professor? Strikes you dumb, don't it?

Professor Gerzunder—Ach, it ees putiful! If it would only strike me deaf it would be perfect happiness.—Judge.

Amazed at Pittsburg's Progress.

Mr. William Sawhill, of Mansfield, Ohio, is the guest of his nephew, Collins S. Sawhill, of Bradock. He was formerly a resident of Washington County, but moved to Ohio twenty-five years ago. His trip to Pittsburg, Saturday, was his first in fifty years, and he was amazed at the vast progress made.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*, Oct. 14.

A Veritable Curiosity.

Stranger—I've a curiosity for your museum: a woman 102 years old.

Manager—Pshaw! That's nothing. Stranger—But this one has lost all her faculties, couldn't read through a telescope, couldn't hear Gabriel's trumpet, lost all her teeth, hasn't spoken intelligently in years.

Manager—Now you're talking! When can she come?—N. Y. Sun.

Sign Language at Atlanta.

Miss Garrett, of Philadelphia, with seven little children from the Home for the Training of Deaf Children, has gone to Atlanta to give an address on the methods and the character of the training, illustrating her address with the children. The object of the work in the kindergarten will be to show the best methods of teaching young deaf children speech. This training is practically new and the system requires extreme patience. It holds that the proper time to begin to train deaf children is when they begin to develop a receptive intelligence. The method of instruction is based on the mechanism of language, and the little ones are trained to converse by gathering the meaning of what is spoken to them by watching the movements of the lips and throat and trying to imitate them.—N. Y. *Evening World*, Oct. 18.

A Hat Pin Thurst To His Heart.

Thomas McCoy, who lives with his sister at 1109 First Avenue, was stabbed in the heart with a hat pin by his wife just before midnight last night while dancing at a ball with a woman whose name is unknown at present to the police.

The ball was in Fernando's Hall, Fifty-fifth Street and Third Avenue. The manager was James O'Brien, a deaf-mute. McCoy had been acting as assistant floor manager at the dances given in the hall every Sunday night.

McCoy was dancing when his wife, from whom he has been separated, entered the ball room and struck the woman her husband was dancing with. McCoy pushed his wife away and she drove a hat pin into his breast.

Mrs. McCoy was seized by several persons and pushed out of the ball room and into the street. Witnesses say that McCoy danced for half an hour after he was stabbed. Then he fell to the floor.

He was taken to his sister's house.

The police could get little about the stabbing. O'Brien, the deaf-mute, did not see it.

John Scott, who was present, said that a woman had told him about it.

Dr. Burke, who attended McCoy at his sister's house, refused to let the detectives see his patient. McCoy is very low.

The doctor says the hat pin apparently reached his heart. Mrs. McCoy had not been found.—N. Y. Sun, Oct. 21.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The "Lit.'s" Initial Meeting of the Term.

ANOTHER FOOTBALL VICTORY.

Prof. Hotchkiss Entertains the Seniors—The O. W. L. S.'s Literary Meeting—Other Notes.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Ye scribe has only had one eye on the lookout for news this week, the other has been on a strike.

Friday evening, the "Lit." held its initial literary meeting; the Lyceum is outgrown, so the "Lit." was compelled to meet in chapel. The audience-room, of course, was quite dim, and communications between President on the platform and members, was much more difficult than in the Lyceum's bright little hall.

Following is the programme: Lecture, Prof. J. C. Gordon; Debate, "Was Chivalry, in its character and influence, more good than evil?" Affirmative side, Messrs. Kestner, '97, Brooks, '99; Negative side, Messrs. Brockhagen, '97, Bumgardner, '99. Dialogue, "The Farmer and the Broker," Messrs. Glenn, '99, and Stuck, '99. Declaration, "The Knight's Leap," Mr. Fister, '98.

The "Lit.'s" standard is well known and Friday's meeting was well up to it. Prof. Gordon's lecture was not announced beforehand, and many guesses were made as to what it would be. I hardly think any hint on the right subject, "Chivalry." His lecture was a brief discussion of Cuba's relations to the United States, a summary of the opinions of leading thinkers on the proper attitude of the United States. He discussed the political aspects of the question, the probable results of a purchase of Cuba in respect to the "balance of power." Altogether it displayed an evident familiarity with the subject in various lights.

The debate was decided in the affirmative, after quite a deep discussion of the pro and con. One could almost see brave knights and fair ladies looking on at this revival of their lost grandeur. Meanwhile the former had been anxiously looking in at intervals from the chapel corridor for fear he'd miss his appointment with the broker and so lose a deal in wheat.

But things turned out O. K. The meeting closed with an able review of the evening's performance from the critic, Mr. Hubbard.

I don't think the departed class of '95, was ever so conspicuous from its absence as in that first meeting of the "Lit" last Friday. It seemed strange not to see the familiar '95, faces among the rest.

Saturday the 2d Eleven played a match with the Episcopal High School at Alexandria, score 30-0 against our team, in two twenty-minute halves.

Wednesday the 1st Eleven added to its laurels by a snappy game with the Potomac Athletic Club. This team was preceded by a good reputation, having defeated the High School Centrals, so a closer game was expected. The game at times was very exciting, but at critical points luck was with us, score 6-0.

In the first half Erd kicked to the Potomac's ten-yard line, but good dogging brought it back to center; rushes advanced it forty yards, when the ball went to us on downs. Center reched, Dudley made a forty yard run around the left end, but ball was lost on downs. From a kick to center Price brought the ball back fifteen yards. When times was called the ball had been rapidly rushed to the college ten-yard line.

The first touchdown was made in 7 minutes in the second half after Prince had brought Thompson's kick to our forty-five yard line and Roth, Grimm and Haig had advanced it to Potomac's fifteen yard line when Roth made the sole touchdown, Smielau kicking goal. Duffy made a much admired run of fifty yards in the last of the second half, but the ball was kept well in the center after we got it. By unanimous consent a large share of credit for the victory is due to Price who made it a hard thing to pass him.

Line up:
P. A. C. Positions. Gallaudet.
Kline Center Smielau
Procter Right Guard Brooks
Davis Left Guard Rosson
Lyman, Capt. Right Tackle Dudley
Borns Left Tackle Brockhagen
Tudall Right End Roth
Miller Left End Haig
Saers Quarter Back Hubbard, Capt.
Wain Right Half Back Grimm
Duffy Left Half Back Price
Thompson Full Back Erd
Umpire, Hall. Referee, Shuell.

The 1st eleven have been coached in tackling by Ely and Hall this week, and it is thought whatever faults their tackling may have shown will disappear under steady practice. Another game with the same club is being discussed. A game was desired with the Rockville team, but for reasons unknown, but suspected, they declined. Do you think they were afraid?

Mr. Whitlocke has resigned as scorer of G. C. A. A. Nicholson will be his successor.

An auction sale of newspapers was held in the reading room, good prices were made.

Mr. Hemstreet, '00, will shortly return home, as he is now on a fair road to recovery from his severe typhoid-fever illness.

Dr. Gallaudet did not see his son Herbert all last summer, so he visited him at Yale last week. He has good reason to be proud of his son's record. As an evidence of Mr. Herbert's popularity we mention that he was elected one of a committee of three to arrange the "Sophomore German." In a large class he was chosen by a flattering majority. He has also been appointed one of the "Deacons," of which there are four holding offices for entire course, and no firmer evidence of sterling worth is given than to be chosen one of the "Deacons." In his way home Dr. Gallaudet visited in New York.

Lindsay Denison, '95, is now on the Cosmopolitan staff, N. Y.

Allan Eay, Howard, '95, is off in California for health's sake.

Mr. Fowler will count last week a lucky week. He received a telegram from his son Ernest who has been studying in Columbia for an M.D. The telegram was worded pithily:

"Exams O. K."
"DE FOWLER"

Probably that was the first time Mr. Ernest Fowler wrote his name with a Dr. Saturday was Mr. Fowler's birthday, in the dining room the co-eds greeted him with a sounding chorus of hand-clapping in the morning. In the evening they presented him with an immense jar of tea roses and ferns with greetings.

The Press-club has got into business shape now, and 'tis to be hoped it will fulfill all it is intended to.

Mr. Eickhoff, correspondent to the *Michigan Mirror*, has resigned the care of news from the co-ed side to Miss Titus, '00. Such an arrangement cannot fail to prove highly better for all concerned. For correspondents feel more unhampered, when they need write of their own side only.

Prof. Hotchkiss entertained the Seniors with a discussion of the merits and demerits of Kendall Green as a golfing ground. The links would be much latter if permission had been granted to extend it to the Patterson property adjacent to the Green. But it is well known that the lady is opposed to having any games played on her property. The golf-sticks are quite expensive affairs, and the balls are being constantly lost unless coated with white enamel and scrubbed frequently. Getting the ball in the holes seems to be the most bothersome process, for the stubble around the holes is sometimes very tantalizing.

Pach, the photographer of Easton, Pa., will take our pictures next Wednesday, the bulletin announces.

Fox, '82, of Fanwood has sent word, he will accept the "Lit's" invitation to lecture. Mr. Banerji will be the next lecturer at the Lit. W. Phelps, of the Kendall School crushed his finger in his bicycle wheel while cleaning it.

Saturday the "Ducks" visited the Capitol, reason—a prospective essay.

Saturday evening occurred the first literary meeting of the O. W. L. S.:

PROGRAMME.

1. Biography of the Owl Society. Miss Kershner.
2. The Duck's address to the Owls. Miss Hemphill.
3. Scene from the Merchant of Venice. Synopsis of the Casket Scene. Miss Price.
4. Poem. The Owl by Tennyson. Miss Young.
5. A College Romance. In IV Chapters. Chap. I Miss Vandegrift.

The college romance will be continued by another member at the next meeting. Prof. Porter by special vote was allowed to witness this meeting and for the first time in a private meeting, the speakers began with "Ladies and Gentlemen." Prof. Porter made a neat little speech after the criticism by Miss Leyder, critic; and Miss Martin, '95 now an honorary member also addressed us in a happy vein of reminiscences called up by the biography.

The Owl Reading Room has now a long oak table where any eye one may see a group of readers and a pile of monthlies, dailies, and weeklies.

The "Jollity Club" will arrange a reception day soon, when the new rooms of the co-eds may be inspected in all their glory by the Faculty and families.

Miss Erma Kershner is taking a business course in the city; the click of the typewriter has been heard in her room lately.

Sunday eve the King's Daughter's met.

PROGRAMME.

Address of Welcome to New Members.—Miss McGowan.
A Short Account of Esther—Miss Rogers.

Comparison of Characteristic virtues of Ruth and Esther by all.
Hymn "Come, said Jesus' sacred voice."
—Miss Griffs.

Many visitors were present at chapel exercises Sabbath afternoon, among them were Messrs. Champlain, Adams and Wurdemann. Mr. Ballard delivered the usual address, taking his text from I Peter 3:8.

"Be piteful, be courteous." He brought out the points that good manners and good morals go together; manners may differ in different nations but the true courtesy of the heart is one and the same. The "Golden Rule" alone should be man's standard in outward manners. He related many striking illustrations of his points which impressed truths more forcibly.

LAURA MCDILL.

GOD'S SILENT CHILDREN.

ST. ANDREW'S MISSION FOR BOSTON'S DEAF AND DUMB ONES—BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES OF BISHOP BROOKS, AND WORK BY REV. MR. SEARING.

A beautiful church mission work is in progress at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church on Chambers Street. It is so quietly and unostentatiously carried forward that its helpfulness, fruitfulness and vitality are not generally known, even in Boston.

Every Sabbath morning Rev. S. Stanley Searing conducts a service for the deaf and dumb, this being the only service of the kind in New England.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet established the first church for deaf-mutes in this country, in New York. It is still in his charge. The Boston mission is the outcome of Dr. Gallaudet's work. Although the two are distinctly separate, the greatest harmony exists between them, and Mr. Searing was some time ago made a member of the official board of the New York mission.

It is about three years since Mr. Searing began his work. There is a little romance connected with it. This afflicted class of people found a loving, sympathetic friend in the late Bishop Brooks. Among his church worshippers was a young and lovely deaf and dumb girl, who became the wife of Mr. Searing.

After he had thoroughly mastered the sign language, he instituted the preaching service. There are 300 deaf and dumb people in Boston, and many of them have been gathered into St. Andrew's mission. The attendance Sunday mornings varies, from 40 to 80, many of those present coming in several miles from the suburbs.

The services begin at 10.30, but the most of the hearers are 15 or 20 minutes in advance of the preacher to exchange greetings and carry on conversation.

Mr. Searing preaches the sermon, and is assisted by a mute lay brother. The sermon is nearly all delivered in the sign language, with rapid, emphatic gestures, watched with absorbing interest by the audience. The communion services are exceedingly impressive. This ministry, bearing its messages of love from the heart of the Infinite Father to these afflicted people, carries with it untold blessings.

There are occasional social gatherings, and the harvest feast was recently enjoyed. These silent people are very appreciative of kindness, and hold in remembrance the loving acts of Bishop Brooks to many of their members.

At the first reception given in Bishop Brooks's honor, the day after his consecration, 200 deaf-mutes shook hands with him and presented him a bouquet. Also, it was then determined to observe his anniversaries by some floral remembrance.

On the first anniversary a bouquet was carried to his house. He was absent at the general convention in Baltimore. The bouquet was preserved, and although withered and faded, on his return he insisted on having it placed upon his study table as the gift of his dear deaf-mute children, and sent a beautiful letter to Mr. Searing expressing his appreciation.

On the second anniversary the bishop had passed away, but the deaf-mutes carried their floral remembrance to his grave. Yesterday being the nearest Sunday to his anniversary, the deaf-mutes visited Mt. Auburn in a body and laid upon his grave their loving tribute.

This work has been known as St. Andrew's mission simply for the purpose of locality, and for the courtesy and kindness of St. Andrew's Church. But it will very soon be changed to Epiphatha mission, that being the Greek word which Jesus spake when he opened the ears and the loosed tongue of the deaf and dumb man.

It is a remarkable incident that the personal gift of Phillips Brooks to Trinity church was the beautiful stained glass window bearing the inscription, "Epiphatha," together with his initials, the subject of the window being the scriptural event referred to.

Mr. Searing has carried on this mission work without much support until quite recently. While the mission is Protestant Episcopal, it ministers to all classes in need of

spiritual or temporal assistance. Mr. Searing would be glad to speak before any body of Christian people of this work, whether they wish to contribute to its need or not.

Mr. Searing is also the chaplain at the House of Correction, where his labors are of a different nature, but equally effective. It was hard for a young man to step into the place of the former chaplain, Rev. Jonas Clarke, with his wide experience among prisoners and a heart overflowing with charity. But Mr. Searing has gained the love and confidence of the many to whom he there ministers.—*The Boston Daily Standard*.

GALLAUDET HOME.

In the death of Mr. Pomeroy P. Dickinson, the Home has lost a valued and steadfast friend. He manifested a warm interest in its welfare and aided it time and again. His kind, fatherly countenance, will be very much missed by the inmates, for they held him in high esteem. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., and graduated with honors from the university there. He was well-known, not only in this country, but in England, France, Germany, and other parts of Europe, having been a civil engineer of no ordinary standing.

Senator W. M. Evarts, of Vermont, is suffering greatly with his eyes, and cannot read and write on that account. He is the father-in-law of Mrs. Prescott Evarts, one of the lady managers of the Home.

Mr. Riley, who is employed by Baker, Smith & Co., of New York City, came here on the 24th ult., and remained for several days to get the steam pipes in order.

While the inmates were assembled in the chapel for evening prayer, Thursday, the 26th, Mrs. C. B. Dunlap arrived here. She was the guest of Mrs. Davis till Saturday, when she left for Poughkeepsie, and took the Albany boat to New York. During her sojourn with us, Mrs. Dunlap went riding, and seemed to enjoy a lovely time. She bought a couple of iron holders of Mrs. Edwards and a pretty rug from Mr. Sprague, which she will keep as mementoes of her visit.

The women's sitting room looks comfortable and cosy. Almost every day, they go here and indulge in social intercourse. It is pleasant to watch them as they make their hands and fingers fly, eager to excel each other in the way of story-telling or argument.

Mrs. A. M. Starr, whose death occurred here last month, was formerly employed at the school for deaf-mutes in Columbus, Ohio. Some of the older graduates may remember her.

A short time ago, Mr. Pain and Blind Richard Clinton went nutting Upon their return, they brought two bags full of butternuts.

It was Mr. Isaac B. Gardner's privilege to preach in the chapel, Sunday morning, September 29th. At the close of service, he bade us good bye, and departed on his journey to Little Rock, Ark., which city he reached two days later. Mr. Gardner will not be able to spend the holidays at home, on an account of the great distance between New York and Arkansas, but we hope to see him again next summer when he will have a vacation.

Miss Sarah E. Tallman, who paid a flying visit to Fanwood this fall, was educated here. Among her classmates were Mrs. Van Tassel, of North Tarrytown, N. Y., and Mrs. Eunice Tuttle, of Geneva, N. Y.

Dr. Cornell made a professional call at the Home recently.

Mrs. E. M. Chamberlain spent a few days with Mrs. Newcomb at Lake George, not long ago.

Mrs. Kipp says that if she takes another trip down to the Metropolis, she will go and see the place where St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes used to stand. What a change will meet her gaze.

Mrs. Clark and Miss Lockwood had their first ride to the village on different evenings lately.

A life-size portrait of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, hangs in the men's reading room. It was painted by Mr. Albert Ballin, a popular young deaf-mute artist.

Mrs. Eleanor McCoy, of whom a beautiful and interesting sketch was given in the JOURNAL of a recent issue, and who has passed into the great beyond, was well known to some of the inmates, she having attended school with them.

Miss E. P. Nelson, of the ladies' board, had, business here Tuesday, the 8th inst.

Matron Davis has a pet canary bird, which was presented to her thirteen years ago.

Mr. Hatch started for New York on the steamer Mary Powell Wednesday morning, the 6th. He no doubt enjoyed the sail, for the scenery along the river is grand and picturesque. When the boat stopped at the Desbrosses Street pier he was met by his brother Robert, who took him to Newark, N. J.

On the morning of the 10th inst., the board of lady managers held their annual meeting in the library room, most of them being present, but no new names were added to the roll. Mrs. C. M. Nelson tendered her resignation,

but it was declined, as on a former occasion therefore, she retains the post of president, which she has ably and satisfactorily filled for seven years. The ladies partook of a nice lunch later in the day, then they went away in the stage which had conveyed them here.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain conducted chapel service here Sunday before last. He expects to go to Vermont and take a rest, now that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has returned from abroad.

October 15, '95.

BOSTON.

Mr. E. W. Frisbee lectured before the Gallaudet Society last Wednesday evening, at St. Andrew's Hall on the subject of the thrilling adventures of the Indian hunter Ralph Rooney. His lecture was closely attended, and hugely enjoyed by the audience of the deaf.

The tableaux and hallowe'en party will be held on Thursday evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, October 31st. Niss Thomson of Waltham (the manager) and Misses Ripley and McClellan and Messrs. Duran, Reuben Kenney and Thomas White will take part in the tableaux. The net proceeds will go to the lecture fund.

Mrs. Persis Bowden of Beverly will give the Gallaudet Society and its friends a lecture at St. Andrew Hall November 6th. Her lectures were always interesting and impressive. Don't forget the date of November 6th, for Mrs. Bowden's lecture.

A. A. SMALL.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

Ed. A. Sortie's sister has moved to Fultonville, N. Y., where her husband is employed in the Broom factory.

Wm. A. Watts paid Hagaman a visit Sunday.

The Star Knitting Mill has been closed, owing to the scarcity of cotton two hundred hands are thrown out of work for one week or two. J. G. Seely is not idle. He got a contract for masonry work.

The birthday of Mrs. Seely, of Hagaman, occurred on Friday last. She was happily surprised with presents.

Two weeks ago, Mr. Seely, of Hagaman, drove to this city, looking for the whereabouts of his wife's mother and sister, whom they had not seen the past two years. They at last succeeded in finding both, who are enjoying good health. Mrs. Seely was overjoyed for the love of her aged mother.

KAUKAKEE.

Prevented a Fight.

POLICE WERE TOO FLY FOR SPORTS WHO HAD A MATCH ARRANGED.

There was a projected prize fight yesterday afternoon which did not come off although a large number of local sparrers and more or less "dead game sports" were around the scheduled locality to see it. The mill was scheduled to come off about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon in Coburn's barn in Pelham and the expected principals reported to the police were Tom Moriarty and "Dummy" Rowan.

The police got wind of the matter, and Supt. of Police Davis, Deputy Chief McQuade, Inspectors Laflamme and Donaldson and Officer J. B. Crowley and Simon B. Harris took teams for Pelham. The locality was reached, but the tip had been given. Some of the sports seen on the road sighted Laflamme, notified the managers and no evidence of the fight except the aggregation of sports near to and on the way to the locality was apparent. For a while after there were indications that the mill might be attempted. Had it been there would have been some arrests, as the police were in ambush for it.

Supt. Davis thinks the project was a pretty cheeky one to plan for Sunday in broad daylight.—*Lowell, Mass., Evening Star*, Oct. 21.

The Guild.

The monthly meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers will be held in the Parish House of St. John the Evangelist, 224 Waverly Place near W. 11 Street, New York City, next Tuesday, October 28th, 1895, at 8 P. M. A full attendance of members is earnestly requested, and others are always welcome.

S. M. BROWN,
Secretary.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet Home Again.

A SPECIALLY LIVELY SPECIAL MEETING.

The Quad Club Re-engages Its Old Rooms, But Only by the Month—A Nuisance That Must be Abated.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 999 Third Avenue, New York City.

Our beloved friend and pastor, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, arrived home on the steamer Campana Friday last, and Sunday preached to St. Ann's congregation at St. John the Evangelist's Church, a larger attendance than usual being present, about fifty at the afternoon services for the deaf. A special prayer of thanksgiving was offered on his safe return to his home and to his friends.

During the course of the services Dr. Gallaudet said that it had become necessary that contributions from St. Ann's congregation should go to St. John's Church to help defray current expenses. Rev. Dr. DeCosta addressed those present, having previously been referred to by Dr. Gallaudet as a true friend of the deaf, never losing sight of them and anxious to help them to all possible extent until they secured a church of their own.

Dr. DeCosta said, in substance, that he first wished to congratulate the good doctor upon his safe return home, and also his congregation upon the return to them of their friend and rector, whom they had been anticipating, and offered thanks to the Almighty that he is again among us safe and sound and in better health to resume his good work among his deaf and hearing congregation. The summer, he said with that merry twinkle in his eye so peculiar to him, has been a bad one, and we who did not enjoy an European trip were "out in the cold," and being "out in the cold," we should have felt pretty cool at home. He was glad to have Dr. Gallaudet and his congregation associated with his church, and always feels safe in relying on the doctor's advice whenever necessary.

In Dr. Gallaudet the deaf have a good, true and arduous worker for their spiritual interests, and the deaf should appreciate his labors. St. John's Church is always open to the deaf; they must feel at home here. It is theirs as much as it is his own congregation's, for it is God's House, and all are God's children, and the deaf are specially welcome to use it for all occasions as their own church, the Parish house being at their disposal for meetings, lectures or entertainments. The reception to Dr. Gallaudet next Thursday is sure to be a pleasant gathering, and he intends being there whether he is invited or not. He closed his remarks with wishing a success for the gathering.

He afterward sent for the committee having the affair in charge, but for what purpose can only be surmised.

Dr. Gallaudet thanked Rev. Dr. DeCosta, and said that in him the deaf also have a true friend. He has been anxious to offer them the church, and indeed has become fond of them.

Not much reference was made to his trip abroad, as he was reserving this for the reception next Thursday. He said, however, that he had had a most pleasant trip, and was pleased to note the progress that is being made for the spiritual welfare of the deaf in England and Ireland. Mr. Maginn, he said, is working patiently, and although not yet ordained, owing to popular prejudice against ordaining a deaf layman in those countries, he was meeting with success in his field and the future looks brighter for him. While abroad in England, Rev. Mr. Gilby, who is a son of deaf parents, is also doing good work.

While on the outward voyage Dr. Gallaudet received a contribution of \$1000 from a passenger to be used equally between the Church Mission and the Gallaudet Home. On the return trip he made the acquaintance of one who promised a contribution, and kept good his word by visiting the Home Saturday and presenting a check for \$250 for the Home, but would not allow his name to be made known.

A deaf Frenchman was also a passenger on the Campana.

The plans of the church will be as heretofore, services to commence at 3 P. M., and services at the Pro-Cathedral on Amsterdam Avenue every last Sunday of the month.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain is now enjoying a well-earned vacation, and is spending his time up in Vermont.

The Quad Club held a special meeting Saturday, and a lively one it was, but this consisted only of arguments, on the one side in favor of re-engaging the rooms for an-

other six months, and on the other for vacating them at once. A test vote showing a majority in favor of moving, it was brought down to three months. But there was opposition to this, and some hard arguments were brought into play, and the motion was carried. A committee was sent to see if they could rent the rooms by the month, and found that they could at the *pro rata* of rent. A motion to reconsider the three-months decision was put and carried, and it was unanimously voted to keep them for another month or until such time as other quarters could be secured. The old room committees were dismissed, and Messrs. Capelli, Heyman and Lounsbury appointed to scour the city for a suitable place, and to save their shoe soles they were allowed \$2 to advertise for a place. They must report at the meeting on November 2d, or lose their official heads.

The deaf have always been welcome to use the deserted cafe of the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Sundays, but when certain individuals abuse this privilege something must be done. This place is not a common "bar-room." It is part of one of the best hotels of the city, and on Sundays there is not a drop of liquor in sight. It is transformed into a sitting-room, large, yet rich in its surroundings—marble floors, plush covered chairs and sofas, highly decorated pillars, elegant chandeliers, mirrors and paintings. Very few, if any, of the guests use this room on Sunday, and for years the deaf have congregated on one side of the room for a couple of hours every Sunday. But now and then, some one very shabbily dressed feels that he has the same privilege as his neatly dressed friends because he is deaf too, of course, as long as they behave themselves, they are not molested, but still they are an eye sore to the guests of the hotel, who pay \$5 a day and over to be in a nice hotel and among nice people, so that when two or three saunter in with the appearance of investing their week's wages in drink instead of good clothes, these guests, of course, feel disgusted. And more so do the respectable deaf. It is a common sight to see among the gathering almost every Sunday one or two whose appearance if unbecoming the palatial surroundings.

Perhaps it is that they need a shave badly, or lack clean collars, their shoes want to be polished, or their hat is all the worse for wear. This class should keep away. It costs nothing to brush one's clothes or clean his shoes, and very little to wear a shirt and collar, and any one can keep neat if he can not buy good clothes.

Another class is the rowdy. He saunters in with a heavy tread shoving side ways with every step, his hat tipped to one side, walks to a cuspidor and squirts into it a torrent of tobacco juice, and with an air of familiarity salutes the gentleman behind the cigar counter in blunt sailor fashion; then he walks to one of the plush covered chairs, drops heavily into it stamps his feet, begins to wave his arms all around the room, wincing, grinning and making other horrible facial contortions. The guests of the hotel are at once attracted to him and watch every movement of his. And as they turn away what do they say of the deaf as a class?

There was such an incident as the above last Sunday. The man with the above ill-manners was no other than he who posed as the "Cowboy poet" in Philadelphia a couple of months ago, and as a result served six days in jail. His name was printed in the silent press, but he is not ashamed of it; he brags of it and of other exploits of his.

Taking my hand and shaking it two or three Sundays ago, he spelled out: "Wal, yer 've shaken de hand of an ex-convict." Last Sunday he offered me his hand to shake. I refused to touch it. This fellow, and his class want to be given a wide berth until they learn better manners than these.

Mr. A. V. Ballin, so it is said, has bought a house and farm in Pearl River, N. J., and has settled down there for good. Horses and fowls are also a part of this, and our "rising young artist" is thereby found in a new role, but, of course, it is to be supposed he will still devote his time to painting.

Tickets are already out for the grand ball on January 22d. The price is fixed at \$1, which includes hat check. As this is the only ball of the year, it is expected to be largely attended. Those from out of town who attended the ball last year are assured of as good a time as the last. The ball being the same, little need be said about it.

Frank A. Stryker has got back to his old place on the *Florist's Exchange*. Next time he is taken sick he will make doubly sure that he informs his boss of it in a registered letter.

Chas. L. Schindler went to Bridgeport Sunday and returned home the next day will his wife.

George Morrissee and Miss Mary Brown, of Brooklyn were married three weeks ago.

Henry Kane is now foreman of the *Catholic Youth* office, having succeeded J. F. Donnelly when he

accepted a better place in New York last month.

Prof. Jones gave a reading from "Romeo and Juliet" in Newark Saturday evening, a good sized audience being present.

"Uncle" Jim O'Neil is in town, but where he is to be found his friends would like to know.

"Cab,"—According to dictionary authority "Ted" may not be the imitative of Theodore, but according to common usage it is. "Cabby," put your dictionary away in a nice place in the garret.

Did you ever see a blind man smoke? So asks a scribbler. If this scribbler will come to town, I will show him a thing or two. By the way, did the writer ever see a worm in a quince? (This question is original.)

TED.

Don't Be Hungbaged.

Yes, Mr. Pach is right in saying that good pictures cost money.

Well, we would like to know if it is anything new.

Our readers may perhaps remember that the year before last, I described the photo processes in the *JOURNAL*. In treating the printing process, I gave an outline of the old and reliable albumen process, toned by gold.

The albumen process is nearly as old as photography itself. I have drawn upon myself more than once censure from some of my best customers, for persistently sticking to old and well-tried methods when other photographers, Mr. Pach, in particular, went crazy over new processes, which have since been set aside by conservative photographers.

The students of the Gallaudet College will bear witness that I refused to finish my work on any but albumen paper, which, as Mr. Pach now intimates, is permanent.

I have been longer in the photo business than Mr. Pach. I claim to understand not only the artistic, but also the chemical part of the business. I studied chemistry before I turned photographer. Nevertheless, as a chemist and an old experienced photographer, I will assert, without fear of contradiction, that there is no process of silver printing of photographs that can be depended on to increase permanency of the pictures.

As a proof of the truth of my assertion, look at those old pictures in your family albums. Don't you see they are faded more or less. Those pictures, made twenty-five ago, were printed on albumen paper and toned with gold, yet they are fugitive also.

There are many of my pictures made twenty years ago, which are still in a good state of preservation. Still they will fade in time. I am discarding photographs for phototypes for that reason.

PHOTOTYPES.

Phototypes are simply Photographs printed on plate paper with printers', or rather lithographers', ink. They will last as long as engravings and lithographs, but they cannot be printed in small quantities, for that would make them cost more than photographs. I count upon selling at least a hundred from each plate. I have done it before and can do it again. Moreover, my old customers know well that I am always conservative, and never make extravagant claims for my wares.

It is a wise dog that is content with his own kennel, in stead of getting himself into every horse's manger.

R. DOUGLAS.

Its True Inwardness.

The Mt. Airy School paper has an agonizing appeal in it urging its pupils to study foot-ball, organize foot-ball, and try, try again to play foot-ball, for the glory of the school; and so on for a column or two. A good many had the impression, last year, that the "foot-ball" expedition of these pupils to Gallaudet College—so ambitious in design, so serio-comic in outcome—was not the voluntary enterprise of the pupils, but was devised and engineered by the teachers and editors at that school. This last pathetic and strenuous appeal of these same editors and teachers rather confirms the impression.

OBSERVER.

Not a Talkative Prisoner.

Andrew Paul was arrested Monday night by Policemen Tigan of the Twenty-second precinct for going to sleep in the hallway of 698 Dean Street. The officer had to shake the man vigorously to get him awake, and his temper was further tried by the supposed vagrant's persistent silence when he was asked to give an account of himself.

When the prisoner was arraigned before Justice Steers in the morning the policemen told the magistrate that he the prisoner, was a hard case—"stubborn as a mule," he added. The judge looked at the man severely and said: "Now, sir, speak up: what are you and where do you come from."

The man walked over to the reporter's desk and wrote two lines on a slip of paper which he handed to the judge. These are the words:

"I am deaf and dumb, and I was arrested in my own house."

He was discharged.—*Brooklyn Eagle*, Sep. 30.

COLUMBUS.

The Constitution and By-Laws of the Association Amended.

A VERY DESIRABLE FARM FOR THE HOME.

A Jaunt in the Country--A few Brief Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

To provide for officers and the proper management of the Home, the association amended its Constitution and By-Laws at its last meeting. There were not attainable at the time and hence were not sent along with the regular proceedings. Only a purport of what the rules pertaining to the selection of officers and their duties in managing the institution was given at the time and very few persons have been made acquainted with them or know what they are. Hence the publishing of the amendments will be appropriate now.

"The object of this society shall be to maintain the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf of Ohio and to promote," etc. That Section I, Article III., be amended by adding: "And a Board of Managers of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, which shall consist of not less than ten nor more than twenty active or honorary members (a majority of whom, however, shall always be active members), to be appointed by the President-elect of the Tenth Reunion, to have special and general charge of the affairs of the Home. Said board shall have full power to elect and appoint, subject to the approval of the President and Executive Committee of the Association."

Also that the following addition be made to Section I, Article IV.: "He shall at the opening of each meeting of the Association appoint a committee of three persons whose duty it shall be to audit the accounts of the Treasurer of the Association and the Treasurer of the Board of Managers of the Home before their reports are submitted."

Also that a new section be added to Article IV., defining the duties of the Board of Managers of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, as follows: "Sec. 7. The Board of Managers of the Home shall have exclusive charge of the affairs of the Home, appoint the necessary officers and make such rules as are necessary for the government of the same and of the inmates and employees. It shall be the duty of the Board to organize by electing a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and an Executive committee of not less than three nor more than five members who shall be residents of Columbus, subject to such rules and regulations as the Board may prescribe. It shall also be the duty of the Board to elect a Board of Lady Visitors, to consist of seven or more active or honorary members of the Association, who shall personally inspect the Home from time to time, report the condition of buildings and inmates to the Board of Managers and make such recommendations as they deem proper. At each meeting of the Association the Board shall make a full and complete report of its actions during the interim, the condition of the Home, the state of its finances, etc., which shall be read and entered in the report of the transactions of the Association."

Also that the following addition be made to Article IV., Sec. 6: "The Committee shall have power to investigate any irregularity or malfeasance in office by the Board of Managers of the Home, and, upon due proof thereof being adduced, to remove any member of the Board; provided the Board first takes steps to purge itself of such member or members."

There is a small farm of about fifteen acres adjoining the Home, which is soon to be offered by Sheriff's sale. It is desirable to secure this property, as it can be obtained cheaper now than it can be had later on. There are, however, no proper persons to act for the Home, as the opinion seems to prevail that the old Board of Managers term of office expired with the meeting of the Association. Taking this view of the case, the President of the Association will, in a few days, announce a list of trustees. Money is still coming in for the Home. Last week about \$30, were received and \$34 this week. When the new board is appointed, it will rest with that body to say whether additional land shall be purchased or not. There are funds sufficient in the treasury to make the outlay, and still leaves a healthy balance. There are some who desire the Home opened speedily, as there are one or two cases needing urgent attention.

These be fine October days, and the desire to get out into the country and view nature in her prettiest dress of the year, is hard to resist. The writer took another jaunt out of Columbus Friday afternoon, and came home laden with nature's fruits in the way of apples, nuts, Orchard trees in some places, are still groaning under their heavy burdens of fruit, crimson and golden, and what a pretty sight, some of them present! In some places, the ground is litterly covered with the fruit, allowed to go waste, as it seems. Cider mills are running here and there securing the juice out of the apples and thus making a drink, which the small boys think, is just delicious. But go where you will, one fact, is evident, and that is rain, is greatly needed. The bare and brown pasture fields indicate this, to the naked eye while dried up wells of the farmers, give a strong second.

The trustees held their October meeting, Tuesday, and it was the first at which the recently appointed members, Gen. R. P. Kennedy, took part. He visited some of the classes in the afternoon in company with his wife and a relative, and appeared interested in all he saw. He manifested a disposition to familiarize himself with the workings of the institution.

Mr. H. L. Gilbert, who for about three years has been in charge of the bakery, presented his resignation and the board accepted it. No successor was appointed. Mr. Gilbert proposes to go into business of his own in this city.

A street railway company is endeavoring to secure a franchise to run a line of cars on Town Street. The Company endeavored to secure the assent of the institution authorities, but the trustees did not favor it and hence signed a remonstrance against having railway tracks laid on the street.

Ex-Superintendent Eagleson and Ex-Steward Filler were in attendance at the Annual Ohio Conference of Charities, and each, was to have read a paper. The meeting was held at Delaware. Speaking of the public institutions of the State, Rev. F. M. Green from the Committee on law and legislation said:

In regard to the character of the management of these institutions there can be no doubt, when in the quiet we consider the question, that partisan politics should not be allowed to enter into the selection of their boards of managers, trustees or superintendents. The person best fitted for the place when all things are considered, should be the basis on which selections should be made. The management of all these institutions should be like the common schools of our State, chosen competent men and women instead of from the ranks of prominent political partisans.

Miss Mary C. Bierce and her mother are in Cincinnati called there by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Lucy Knapp.

For some time past, we have failed to notice the familiar face in the Lion Shoe Store on 4th Street, of Fred. Mitchell. Every Saturday morning, as we passed his show window, we could see him at the machine. His absence is explained by the fact that he has been sick with typhoid fever in a Cincinnati hospital. At last accounts, he was on the road to recovery, and expects soon to be at work in his old place again.

It was the girls' turn to visit the boys' study and sleeping rooms this week, and note how clean, they are kept. The boys had their rooms in tip top order, and consider themselves ahead. During the visit, Superintendent Jones allowed a dozen or more of the pupils to try their optical skill in knocking off a piece of paper placed on the handle of a pen knife stuck into a door, and extending outward. The person trying closed one eye, and walking up to the knife, and striking horizontally with the index-finger endeavored to knock the paper off. Only one fairly succeeded in the experiment.

Wednesday saw the formation of another oral class. It was given in charge, of Miss Clark, who for several years has been teaching one of the Articulation classes. There are four oral classes now, two of them started this year.

A. B. G.

Oct. 19, '95.

MONTANA.

People in the East have the impression that the State of Montana is a wild waste of rock, sage-brush and barren mountains thinly covered with sage-brush; a region composed of mining camps, where society is dominated by the rustic miner, reckless cowboy, and knights of poker parties. These undesirables may be attributed of a new country, but Montana has outgrown them, if—in fact—she ever had them. It is evident that this State has never experienced the killing reaction of a boom. Its growth has been slow, true, but sure, and in proportion to the development of her vast natural resources. Her cities are laid out on aesthetical plans, whose buildings are of modern architecture, and equipment. The only thing wild about this State is her towering and almost inaccessible mountains, which are covered with a heavy growth of fir ranging in height from a hundred feet to a shrub—the length diminishes as you ascend—and in many localities, honey-combed by mines from which in the last year more gold has been taken than from all other sources in the United States together. Thousands of square miles of mineral land still remain to be prospected and developed. There are hundreds of silver mines closed, owing to the depression of the silver market and Congressional uncertainties.

The atmosphere is something wonderful, so clear and bracing. It does one good merely to go out and climb the nearby hills to start circulation and breathe "oxygen."

A "tenderfoot" is easily deceived as to the proximity of the larger mountains, as the writer can well testify. He started out one evening to climb a hill close to town, innocently supposing that he could make the trip in about twenty minutes. Imagine his discomfort when at the end of an hour and a half he had not yet made the ascent and doesn't know now how far he was from his journey's end, the approach of night interrupted further progress.

The effects of the moonlight in this rarified atmosphere, on the mind in gazing on the mighty piles of rock is weird, yet one's feelings partake of grandeur and sublimity as he beholds the side of one mighty mount bathed in Luna's silvery gleams, another stands like a dark sentinel enwrapped in its own

shadowy shroud. "Proud man looks on in silence and feels his own nothingness."

Boulder, the site of the new State school for the deaf and dumb, is situated in the heart of this grandeur, on the Great Northern Railway, midway between the two metropolises of Montana—Helena, with a population of fifteen thousand, and Butte, with about twenty thousand.

The proximity—thirty-five miles—of Boulder to these two cities is its only drawback. There are scores of idle silver-mines in the neighboring mountains. Boulder is situated at the head of Boulder Valley. Further down the valley small grains, hay and vegetables are grown in abundance. *Two miles away are the famous Boulder Hot Springs, a health resort, patronized the year round.

On the 8th of this month, the contract for the building of the new school for the deaf was let. The following is clipped from *The Helend Independent*:

The state board of education yesterday approved the contract for the deaf and dumb school building let by the local board of trustees at Boulder. The trustees opened bids yesterday at noon. There were but two, and that of Charles Suiter, of Missoula, who has also the contracts for the cultural school at Boulder. The school buildings, was accepted. His contract was for \$39,911.38, on the revised plans. On the original specification his bid was \$34,830. Certain changes were agreed upon by the boards which added to the cost of the building. One of these was the change of galvanized iron cornices to copper, at an increased cost of \$1,122, and the supplying of hollow tiling for the walls and partitions at an increased expense of \$1,000 over the original estimate.

The board authorized the local trustees of the deaf and dumb school to purchase 40 acres of land adjoining the present school site. The land is owned by Mrs. R. P. Elder, of Boulder, who offers it for \$1,300, a price the board considered very cheap. The tract is fine tillable land, and with it the school will have an 80-acre site.

It is expected that the building will be ready for occupation in time for the session of 1896-97. This handsome building will be fitted with modern improvements. And on its completion many deaf and blind children throughout the State will have the privilege of enjoying the advantages of a school, who now, owing to insufficient accommodations, are now denied its blessings.

At present the Montana school has upward of twenty pupils in attendance. Superintendent Tillin-gast, besides looking after the interests and happiness of the school, teaches the two advanced divisions. Miss Daisy Doyle, of this State, teaches the blind.

Mr. L. A. Divine, late supervisor of boys in the New York Institution, has charge of the deaf primary class. Miss Helen Stinson, of North Carolina, is girls' supervisor, and assists our matron with her duties.

At present our house is widely divided. Mr. Divine, and all the male pupils, occupy the story of a store building. Customers, below are frequently surprised, while there shopping, to hear sudden peals of thunder overhead, and instinctively look out to see where the clouds are. The main department, where the office, two school rooms, culinary department and female pupils are quartered, is a block away.

A large number of the larger girls, who are attending school here, were once pupils in the Kendall School.

Miss Anna Wood, a graduate of the Kendall School, and formerly a teacher in this school, is now living with her parents in Helena.

John Lay, a young man, whose education has been sadly neglected, is now attending this school. John feels that, "it is better late than never," to acquire an education.

Miss Minnie Searls, another graduate of the Kendall School, is spending her time at home.

Edward Lane who attended school here last year, will not return, having secured steady work in a large mine in the western part of the State at good wages.

Mr. Divine, the new teacher, is quite a pedestrian. He is seen most every afternoon to pick up a gun of some kind and start out to climb the nearby mountains. Walking seems to agree with him. Up to date he has brought nothing back with him excepting a few empty cartridges, a lame shoulder and a surprisingly good appetite.

Supt. Tillin-gast is an expert in the use of firearms and is considered one of the best shots in the county. It is rarely that he fails to bring back a well-filled game bag when out on a hunt.

Charlie Goodall, an ex-student of Gallaudet College, is working an E. P. Searls ranch, near Park City.

RUN DOWN BY A TROLLEY.

A WOMAN'S SKULL FRACTURED—SHE COULDN'T HEAR THE BELL AS SHE WAS DEAF.

Ella La Forrest, 21 years old, of 2726 Third Avenue, while crossing 144th Street and Willis Avenue at 7 o'clock last night, was knocked down and badly injured by trolley car No. 6 of the Union Railway company. Her body was jammed between the front platform and the trucks, but the motorman stopped the car so quickly that she was not crushed between the wheels.

Michael J. Scanlon, the motorman, says that he saw the woman as his car approached her and rang his bell. The woman evidently did not hear his signal, for she paid no attention to it.

It was afterward learned that she was deaf. She sustained a fracture of the skull and a dislocation of the left shoulder. She was taken to Harlem Hospital.

Scanlon was arrested.—*N. Y. Sun*, Oct. 21.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Mt. Airy Football Team Scores a Victory.

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE PARTY.

Literary and Social Happenings--Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Football team of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, at Mt. Airy, went to Haddonfield, N. J. last Saturday afternoon and overwhelmed the Haddon Football team in an interesting game, by the score of 16 to 0. During the first half the ball was mostly in the Haddonfield territory. The second half was played most desperately; there was no scoring. In this half the Haddonfields were only able to get the ball to the middle of the field. The whole work of the Haddonfield was at the centre, where they made little or no gains. The best playing for the Mt. Airy School boys was done by Captain Harper, Dix, Schautz and Noble, and for the opposite team H. Mead, Captain, and Clement excelled. The line up was as follows:

Mt. Airy.	Positions.	Haddonfield.
McAbee	Left End	Fox
Yoder	Left Tackle	L. Smallyell
Inch	Left Guard	Stackhouse
Capt. Harper	Centre	Hill
Brossman	Right Guard	Harrah
Noble	Right Tackle	Halloway
Fernesees	Right End	C. Smallyell
Davis	Quarter Back	C. Mead
Pulger	Left half Back	Rose
Dix	Right half Back	H. Mead, Capt.
Schautz	Full Back	Clement

Touchdowns—by Schautz, Noble and Dix. Goal kicked by Schautz. Referee—Garett. Umpire—B. Seussening.

Another big foot-ball match will be played between the victorious team and a strong football team from Germantown, on the grounds of the Pennsylvania Institution, next Saturday afternoon.

In the evening a very enjoyable party was given in honor of Mrs. Washington Houston's birthday at her residence in Frankford. A few amusing games were indulged in. Mrs. Houston was taken by surprise, when her friends made a present of a handsome rustic-caned rocker and some other useful gifts. A very nice collation was served at ten o'clock. Some social intercourse took place afterwards and all dispersed for home at nearly 12 o'clock. Those who were there: Messrs. Henry S. Stevenson, Solomon Bachrach, Isaac Deeweese, Clausen, of Bridesburg, Pa., H. Blackensee, Wm. H. Lipsett, R. Ormrod, Miss Hannah P. Wright, Misses Anna Houston and Leah, Mrs. M. C. Oakerson, Mrs. W. H. Lipsett and her two children. Miss Wright and Mr. Deeweese deserve a credit for managing the party successfully.

Mr. Wm. G. Pownall, after being affected by catarrh of the stomach for three weeks, made his debut at All Souls' Church yesterday much improved, but not entirely recovered.

Rev. Mr. Koehler, assisted by laywered Wildin, conducted the service at All Souls' Church as usual yesterday afternoon. Mr. Fred. Miller's last child was baptized and named Frederick Martin Miller. After the service, the classes in the Sunday School room were noticeably increased, and the work was well performed. Miss Robinson, of Doylestown, Pa., was present.

Miss Rudd entertained the members and friends of All Souls' Club by a reading "The Romance of Wollard," in a graceful manner, which was well appreciated by the audience. She was tendered a vote of thanks. Mr. Jas. S. Reider, Chairman of the Committee on Literary exercises, announced a very good program of literary exercises for next Thursday evening.

Rev. Mr. Koehler has agreed to entertain the club by giving a very interesting lecture on his trip in Europe. It will take place at All Souls' Club on Thursday evening, November 14th. Every deaf-mute living in this city should embrace the rare opportunity of seeing the lecture. The lecture receipts will be devoted to paying off debts of the church.

Mr. Joseph Mayer, Jr., President of the Deaf-Mute Mutual Social Club, went over to Chicago with his mother and aunt last Wednesday evening, where they will remain for a month or so.

The Pastoral Aid Society, branch of All Souls' Guild is making arrangements for an entertainment in aid of the current expenses of the church on Halloween night, October 31st, in the hall of All Souls' Club. A few amusing features to help every one to enjoy all the evening will be enacted on the stage.

Mr. and Mrs. John Paul, who had been visiting their relatives and friends in this city for two weeks, left for Boston last Saturday morning.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA., October 21, 1895.

FANWOOD.

The First Football Game of the Season.

'T WAS A VERY ROUGH GAME.

A Double Birthday Celebration--Other News Items from "A. Quad's" Note Book.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

The Fanwoods played their first football game of the season on Saturday afternoon with the Audubon Athletic Club, on Fanwood's ball field. The game was to have commenced at three o'clock, but on account of the non-arrival of several members of the Audubon team, the game did not begin till twenty minutes after four o'clock. Mr. Cook, the Physical Director of this School, who has trained the Fanwood team and who is a member of the Audubon Athletic Club, was selected as Referee. The teams lined up as follows:

Fanwood.	Positions.	Audubon A.C.
M. Mark	Left End	Sigel
Colwell	Left Tackle	Miles
Cox	Left Guard	Pholey
Prinsinzing	Centre	Knecher
McVea	Right Guard	Sullivan
Kiernan	Right Tackle	Scott
Dade	Right End	Quigg
Ellis	Quarter Back	Waters
Muench	Left Half Back	Bengers
Izuierdo	Right Half Back	Evans
Lamm	Full Back	Barry

Mr. Curtis Wilcox Jr., Umpire; Mr. Cooke Lineman and Time-keeper.

It was decided to play only twenty-minutes halves. The game was started by McVea kicking the pig skin towards the enemy. The superior weight of the Audubon men was apparent from the start. One of the backs caught the ball and carried it to the centre of the gridiron. In the second down, Fanwood won the ball by a fumble. Muench was tried around right end. No gain. McVea next was tried around the left, but was unable to gain. Fanwood finally lost the ball on downs.

After gaining possession of the ball, the Audubons never lost it again. They experienced very little difficulty in making holes through Fanwood's centre. First it was five yards, then four, finally Evans with the main force of the entire team was pushed over, and he carried the ball over the line for a touch down. No goal.

During the beginning of the game several of the Fanwood players were cautioned against rough play, but after the ball was again put in play, most of the rough playing was done by the Audubon team. It only took them three minutes to make another touch down. The way this was done was something I never before saw or heard of. Scott was given the ball, and with three of the A. A. C. players was aided in carrying it around Fanwoods left end. The rules prescribe that when a man has the ball he should run alone with it, but this rule seemed to have been disregarded. Failed again at goal. Score, Audubon, 8; Fanwood 0.

The Fanwoods almost lost courage, but continued to fight hard. McVea again kicked the ball for twenty-five yards, and before the Audubon man could run with it he was beautifully downed by Lamm. Both sides fought desperately. Fanwood gained possession of the ball once, and for a time it seemed as if they would advance it. Lamm first gained four yards. Then McVea, who tried left end, lost it. When time was called the ball was on Fanwood's one yard line. Score Audubon, 8; Fanwood, 0.

SECOND HALF.

In the second half the Fanwoods showed up better. Izuierdo caught the ball and ran for fifteen yards. In lining up, for interference, Fanwood was given twenty-five yards. But the A. A. C. soon gained possession of the ball by downs, as it seemed next to impossible to break through their line. During one of the scrimmages Prinsinzing of the Fanwoods was injured and he had to retire, Utrazanka taking his place. Colwell, too, was hurt, but he was able to resume play before the time limit expired.

The playing became rather too rough, and the Fanwoods were getting the worst of it, so Manager Fox ordered his boys off the field. At the time the Audubons claimed another touch down, but whether it was allowed I don't know, as the player who had the ball fumbled it, and one of the Fanwood boys fell on it.

The weights of the Fanwoods is as follows:

Names.	Class.	Weight.
P. Kiernan	'96	153
S. Cox	'96	138½
H. Lamm	'96	124
E. Ellis	'96	121
Wm. Colwell	'96	150
R. H. McVea	'96	158
T. Doody	'96	151
A. Izuierdo	'96	148
M. Marks	'97	131
H. Prinsinzing	'96	158½
C. Utrazanka	'96	150
F. Bachman	'96	135½
D. Meyer	'96	135

The average weight of the A. A. C. team is about 170.

On Friday evening, October 18th, in the parlors of the Institution, was celebrated a double birthday anniversary. Miss Hamner's birthday fell on the 14th inst., and Miss Prudence E. Burchard's on the 18th. At eight o'clock the party, which included almost all of the resident officers and teachers, were on hand. Progressive euchre was the first thing on the programme. There were more ladies than men, but the "new" woman made good the vacant place, and to her credit it must be said that she captured one of the prizes. The "new" woman in this case is Miss Hattie De Golia. The other prizes were won by Mrs. Wilcox, Miss Sophia Kleinhans, and Mr. William H. Van Tassel.

Two birthday cakes were then brought in. I counted the candles. One contained eighteen the other fourteen. They were cut up and distributed among the company. Dancing and social conversation wound up the rest of the time, after which all dispersed, but not till the usual congratulations and best wishes had been expressed to the fair ones, to whom for the pleasant evening all were in indebted.

On Tuesday, Hon. William Rhinelander Stewart, President of the State Board of Charities, visited the Institution, and noted the improvements made since his last visit. He spoke a few encouraging words to the pupils at the close of their dinner, and stated that he should not inspect the schools this year. Mr. Edmund Lyon, more widely known as the inventor of Lyon's Phonetic Alphabet, had been made Secretary of the State Board of Charities, and would make a thorough examination of the schools for the deaf. While we are sorry that Mr. Stewart is no longer able to give as much time as formerly to the careful examination of schools for the deaf owing to the pressing duties of his position at the head of State Board, we are glad that he will be succeeded by a gentleman, who for years has labored so earnestly to elevate the condition of the deaf.

Mr. Frank A. Stryker, a former pupil, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in company with Mr. James Cameron, a printer of twenty-five years' experience, visited the Institution on Thursday afternoon last. They spent some time in the printing office. They held cases on the *Florist's Exchange*, until recently when they were laid off. Mr. Stryker, I am glad to state, has again been called back to his old place, and he informs me that henceforth he is going to pay more attention to business and also associate with his clubmates more than formerly, and will again be seen regularly at Fanwood Quad Club meetings. He is a bright and intelligent young man, and if he will keep his good intentions, I feel safe in asserting that he will make a name for himself some day.

Mr. Elijah Jones, father of Mrs. Hodgson, died on Tuesday last, of apoplexy. He was 78 years old, and to see his tall vigorous frame, one would not think him over 60. He was for many years a prominent merchant in Elmira, N. Y. About 25 years ago he moved to New York where he was engaged in the wholesale lumber business. Twelve years ago, he turned the business over to his son, and has not been actively engaged in business since then. He was quite strong up to the moment of attack, and did not recover consciousness after the apoplectic stroke seized him.

Mr. John Pratt, University of Vermont, '95, who was appointed tutor of the boys in place of Mr. Hoyt, arrived on Monday. He only remained two days. A tempting offer from Burlington, Vt., came by telegraph, appointing him a civil engineer for a railroad company of that place, as the offer is very liberal one, Mr. Pratt, tendered his resignation at once, and left for Burlington, Vt., the next day.

Mr. Richard Ruben Tweed, the deaf-mute typewriter, who at one time narrowly escaped being run over by the deadly engine, while walking on the r-a-i-l-r-o-a-d track, was at the Institution on Saturday. He says that he never even thought of going to Cuba. It is Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands, that he is aiming at, where his father and mother reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Wilcox attended the marriage of Miss Harrison (Mrs. Wilcox's cousin), Wednesday afternoon, at Orange, N. J. Among others present, who are well known by many deaf-mutes, were Mrs. Cummings and Miss Price, who are joint owners of the Surf Avenue House, at Ocean Grove, N. J.

It is with sorrow that we learn of the death of Miss Edith S. Rambo, the Articulation teacher of the Louisiana Institution for the Deaf, who died at the home of his mother in Stamford, Ct., on the 10th of September last. She owed her early training as an oral teacher to this Institution and to Principal Currier.

Mr. A. A. Barnes brought three splendid specimens of cotton from the Atlanta Exposition and present-

ed them to Principal Currier for use in the school. It is a pleasant thing to find the Alumni interested in the school work, and it is to be hoped that others will follow the good example set by Mr. Barnes.

Mr. William H. Rose's full blooded setter "Nab" accompanied him to the Institution on Saturday. Mr. Rose saw the football game, and the "dorg" made friends with many of the little boys.

Sunday was visitors' day, and the number of visitors was the largest for some time, and many of the pupils were made happy with nice things and useful articles such as children delight in.

Miss Maud Wilkinson, daughter of Prof. Warring S. Wilkinson, the Principal of the California Institution, called on Wednesday last, but was only able to remain for a short time.

Mr. Frank Avens, captain of last year's football team, was up to coach the team Thursday afternoon.

The weather--ask Tutor Shanks. He gets bulletins direct from the U. S. Weather Bureau.

A. QUAD.

RACE AGAINST A BUSH FIRE.

"Thirty years ago I was a stockman on the Ginna-gulla run," said my host, as he slowly sipped his glass of the famous wine from his own vineyard. "My eye glanced almost involuntarily over the wide prospect of rolling plain and distant wooden range which in its variety and wealth went far to make the view from the broad veranda of Maroonia home station one of the most attractive I had ever seen in Australia. Then my eyes came back to its owner, looking, in his stalwart middle age, every inch the owner and master of it all. 'Stockman?' I said, interrogatively. Mr. Leslie smiled. 'Yes, stockman,' he said. 'Thirty-one years ago I began in this country as many a better man has done, with youth and strength, a fair education, and a determination to succeed, for my stock in trade. It looks a longish step from stockman at Ginna-gulla to owner of Maroonia, I admit, and the question you asked me five minutes ago brought it back to my mind--the first step was a bush fire. 'I had been fully a year in Australia, and nearly all the time at Ginna-gulla run. It was known pretty nearly as often by the name of Morrison's run as anything else in those days, because George Morrison, the owner, was as well known a man as any in New South Wales, and the run had got its name for sheep and wool from him. 'It was on the 26th of January and the hottest day we had yet felt. I was off early to the western boundary to see that our next neighbor's sheep were not on our run, and both my horse and I had felt pretty well baked before we got back. It was nearly twelve o'clock by that time, and a breeze had just begun to come up from the north-east as I rode up to the home station and jumped off, glad of the chance to get out of the sun for a while.

I was barely settled with a pipe, a panpinik of cold tea by my side and a month-old Sydney paper in my hand, when I heard old Saunders shouting to one of the stables hands asking if any of the hands had come in. 'My thoughts were not very complimentary as I heard the answer, and a minute after Saunders' heavy tread, as he came around the end of our quarters, looking for me. 'Hillo, Dick!' he shouted. 'Back early, I see, as usual. Well, it's lucky for Mr. Morrison left a letter to go over to Radcliffe's Station to-day. Miss Margaret was going to take it, but it's too far for her on a day like this. You won't mind going, like a good fellow?' This was just Saunders all over, putting it like that, so that a fellow couldn't object without feeling like a brute. 'All right,' I replied, sulkily enough, I dare say. 'Wallaby's pumped out clean, though, and there's not another horse in the stable but Whalebone.' This was satisfactory to my feelings, for Whalebone was old Saunders' favorite mount and had good times and little work, and I knew he'd almost as soon have gone himself as let anybody else ride him. He didn't like it a bit, either, but after a minute he said, 'Well, Dick, it can't be helped. Mind you, take care of him, for I mean to run him at Bathurst in March. That letter's got to go somehow.'

"In another ten minutes I had finished my tea, stowed away my newspaper to wait for better times, and started on my second ride, a matter of a good twenty-five miles there and back, to Radcliffe's home station. It was a satisfaction to have got hold of such a mount as Whalebone, anyhow, for he was as fresh as paint and as strong as a lion. The first thing I noticed was that the breeze was blowing up uncommonly fresh. It was from the northeast, too, and so blew nearly at right angles to my track, going to Radcliffe's. It wasn't cool, but one didn't expect that, and it was much better than the stagnation of the morning. You could breathe freely in this wind, and if it was a bit hot, why we were used to that. As I was crossing the first ridge I noticed, on looked back, that Miss Morrison was going out for her

usual ride, for I saw Jackey, her black boy, leading her horse up to the house.

I suddenly noticed a strange and very pungent smell.

"I looked ahead and saw at the end of the hollow what looked like a thin film of smoke blowing across the track. Nobody had ever been long in Australia without hearing of a bush fire, and although I had never seen anything of the sort I felt certain it was a moment that I was about to see it now. I was right. We hadn't been a quarter of a mile from the end of the hollow when first I noticed the smell of fire, but although Whalebone had instantly broken into a steady gallop at the first alarm the wreaths of smoke were growing dark by the time we reached the open ground and found ourselves exposed to the full force of the wind, by this time blowing an unmistakable gale.

"It was not Whalebone's first experience of a bush fire, and the moment we reached the open ground he gave one short, uneasy sniff to windward and instantly swerved off to the left. I felt instinctively that he was probably the best judge of a course under the unusual circumstances in which I found myself, and I let him have his head. In a moment he had quickened his pace to the long stretching gallop of the race horse, and I found that we were dashing across the open land, with the gale whistling shrilly in our ears, but blowing rather in our favor as we went. Away, at racing speed, across the plain, the smoke wreaths chasing us in wild, fantastic curls, now gray, and now brown, but growing darker and more dense each moment as we swept on before them toward a place of safety.

"Away, the soft, springy mat of grass under foot giving back no sound of our hoofs, the undulations of the plain sweeping past us with a monotonous rise and fall, which grew less and less distinct as the smoke wreaths crept more thickly along the ground. I tried to make out where we were, but the thickening smoke confused my senses and made my eyes smart and burn so that I was glad to close them and trust to the horse alone. We must surely be nearing the wooded range that ran east and west across the run, the range I had crossed little more than an hour or two ago on my way out. I opened my eyes at the thought and strained them in the effort to look around. Yes, there was a shadow on the left, which must be the shadow of the priest. Then I tried to look the other way. The smoke was rolling down upon us in great, dense billows, and even in the momentary glance I was able to give I could see that they began to be tinged with a strange crimson glow.

"It was growing hotter, too, each moment; these crimson clouds came rolling on; like the blast out of some vast furnace it scorched and burned. Suddenly Whalebone swerved to the left once more, and in another moment with a bound he had cleared the watercourse, and I knew we were mounting the range. On we went between the tall, straight stems of the gray eucalyptus trees that flitted past us in an endless and ghostlike procession--the dense clouds of smoke careering in billows overhead; the dark wreaths curling and twisting snakelike along the grounds; the dull crimson glow spreading a wild, unearthly light on every side. At that moment a shrill scream reached my ear--it was a woman's voice. I started, and instinctively I pulled Whatbone's bridle in the direction from which it came. The good horse obeyed the rein, and in another moment we had reached the spot. There standing helplessly beside her fallen horse stood Miss Morrison, trying vainly to raise him from where he had fallen across a log.

"In a moment we were at her side. 'Where's Jackey?' I shouted--'as I leaned off my horse--'his horse can carry two?' She looked bravely in my face, though she was deadly pale, as she replied:--'Gone! Saved himself; poor fellow, it was his only chance.' 'The brute!' I I exclaimed between my teeth. Come then, Miss Margaret, we've not a moment to spare. As I spoke I mounted again and held out my hand; she shrunk back. 'No, no,' she cried 'It's only sacrificing you, too.' 'Come,' say! She grasped my outstretched hand, and somehow I had in a moment swung her up before me. It was time.

"With a roar and a yell--sometimes I can hear it now in my dreams--the tempest of fire was upon us. Darting from tree to tree, shriveling myriads of leaves in its fiery grasp--rolling along the ground and flicking up the dry leaves and flowers with its thousand crimson tongues, it came rushing on. I clasped Miss Margaret more closely with my arm--I bent forward to ward off the showers of falling leaves--I let loose the rein and trusted to the instinct of the horse. That instinct saved us. By some strange knowledge of his own, Whalebone saw the only path to safety and took it. At a long angle, as we found out afterward, he must have crossed the line of the fire, and brought us safely out of the death trap, a little burned, a good deal frightened, and, thank God, with a good deal to remember in common."

"Yes," I said, after a moment's

pause; "Yes, but you haven't told me how the bush fire affected your success in life yet."

Mr. Leslie smiled a quiet smile, and at the same moment, one of the French windows opened, and a gray haired, but still very handsome woman, stepped out upon the veranda. "Maggie, my dear," he said with a laugh, "can you tell Mr. Johnstone what the bush fire had to do with my good fortune?"--*Pitts-town Leader.*

CHINESE JUGGLERS.

Chinese Jugglers and Indian fakirs have pretty much the same "stock in trade." Here is an account of some tricks performed by a Chinese.

When the conjurer asked the spectators what they wanted to see, some one called for a pumpkin.

"A pumpkin," answered the conjurer; "that is impossible. Pumpkins are out of season."

However, he was only talking, for presently he took a pumpkin seed and planted it in the earth. Then, having made his little son, 4 or 5 years old, lie down, he thrust a knife into his throat. The blood poured out into a vessel, and with it the man moistened the spot where the seed had been planted.

Next he covered the corpse with a cloth and placed a wooden bell over the seed. In a few minutes, a sprout was seen rising from the soil. It grew and grew, and burst into a flower. The flower fell, the pumpkin showed itself and increased in size with extraordinary rapidity.

As soon as it was ripe, the man picked it from the stalk, showed it to the public and took up a collection, after which, of course, he lifted the cloth and found the boy perfectly unharmed.

The second feat, by a different performer, was even more startling. A peach was called for by one of the spectators.

"It is March," said the magician. "The land is still icebound. Peaches are not to be obtained now except in Paradise."

"Oh, well," answered the spectators, "you are a sorcerer and ought to be able to bring a peach down from heaven."

The conjurer grumbled, but finally consented to see what he could do. He began by weaving a roll of ribbon, which he cast into the air. It took at once the shape of a ladder, which went up to a tremendous height. On it he placed a child, and the little fellow ran up the rungs like a monkey. Up, up he went till he vanished in the clouds.

Some moments passed, then a peach dropped from the sky. The magician picked it up, cut it into slices and offered it to the bystanders. It was a real peach.

Then a horrible thing happened. The head of the child dropped out of the sky and was followed by the trunk and then the legs. With tears in his eyes the man picked them up and placed them in a box. But after much show of grief and after the sympathetic spectators had taken up a collection for his benefit he opened the box and said, "Come forth, my child, and thank these kind gentlemen." At the word out leaped the child, alive and well.--*Philadelphia Times.*

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

OCTOBER.

26--Owego.
27--10:45 A.M., Holy Communion, Christ's Church, Binghamton.
27--4 P.M., Evening Prayer, Christ's Church, Binghamton.

NOVEMBER.

1--(All Saints Day) 7:30 P.M., St. James, Buffalo, Short Service and meeting of League.
3--10:45 A.M., St. James, Buffalo. Holy Communion.
3--2:30 P.M., St. James, Buffalo. Evening Prayer.
3--7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Rochester. Evening Prayer.
5--7:30 P.M., Auburn.
6--7:30 P.M., Trinity Church, Utica.
7--7:30 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.
7--7:30 P.M., Oneida.
10--11 A.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse. Holy Communion.
10--3 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.
10--7 P.M., St. John's, Oneida.

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Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

OCTOBER.

26--Evening, Columbus, Lecture if opportunity offers.
27--9 A.M., Columbus, Service.
27--11 A.M., Columbus, Holy Communion.
27--3 P.M., Columbus, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Women ought to look pretty. It is their duty in life--part of it. Men ought to be brave; women ought to be beautiful.

Men ought to be strong; women ought to be tender.

Men ought to govern by the brain; women ought to govern by the heart. Men ought to earn money; women ought to spend it.

Men ought to love women, and women ought to submit to it.

Men ought to be charitable; women ought to be sympathetic.

Each should be what the other isn't, and so make perfection.

It is very pleasant to follow one's inclinations, but, unfortunately, we cannot follow them all; they are like the teeth sown by Cadmus, they spring up, get in each other's way and fight.--*Landor.*

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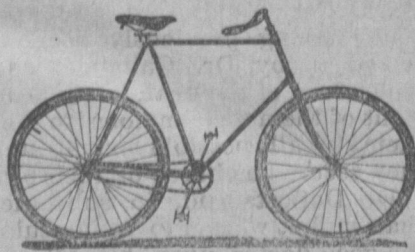
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